

SNUFF RUBBERS.

AIR—Bow Wow.

BY JIMMY SMITH.

Now folks I will sing a song, and when I have got through,
I know that you will all join in and say my song is true;
No matter which way you go now-days, East, West, North or South,
Most every gal you chance to meet has a rag stuffed in her mouth.

The gals now-days do nothing else but run around and flirt,
With their little Japanese hats and their great big hoop skirts:
You talk about their cherry lips, why that is nothing but stuff,
If you go to kiss a gal now-days, you get a mouthful of snuff.

We know that this is a good thing for our tobacco shops,
'Tis bad for the factorymen, for they lose all their cops;
For when they can't get cops or rags, and you aint on the alert,
They sneak up stairs, unlock your trunk, off goes the tail of your shirt.

Now if it aint a bad habit, what the devil is it?
If two or three of the gals go out to pay each other a visit,
They will talk about their handsome beaux and all such trifling stuff,
And pull their neighbors' characters apart over some rags and snuff.

You talk about your Schuylkill gals, why they aint no account,
They can't begin to ruh with the gals around Fairmount;
The way they stow the snuff away, it really is amazing,
There must be fifty pounds used every night around the basin.

The other day I took a walk, I went through Callowhill Street,
An old woman about fifty I happened for to meet;
Says I, how do you do! are you looking for a job!
Why, good Lord! Mr. Smith, says she, I am going to take a rub.

The Manayunk girls rub in a manner that is most shocking,
They will take any kind of a rag from a sheet down to a stocking;
If there is any art about rubbing, they know how to do it,
If they can't get a chance to ruh the snuff, they go to work and chew it.

Now, before I conclude my song, girls take my advice,
There is plenty other cosmetics will keep your teeth as nice;
They say that snuff will clean the teeth, but it only makes them blacker,
It's a sly way the girls have of chewing tobacco.

So now I think it nearly time that my song was ended,
I've sung a little more than at first I had intended:
I know by composing these few lines, I have raised some mighty foes,
I expect to catch the devil from the members of the Tad Hose.

CHORUS.—Ruh! ruh! ruh!

The world is but a snuff box,
So we will all take a ruh.